



49 Reasons A Collection of Poetry

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Queen of the World

Hello oatmeal smile.

Finish up with Teddy bear.

There's no time to stay here.

We've got a day to make our way.

Loading in the car.

Buckle up and wave goodbye.

Doggie licks at long eyelashes.

Soon the neighborhood's

a blur.

Down the grocery aisle,

past the fruit of yesterday.

To the cashiers slumping,

and their scanners warm upping.

Pushing out with cart and bags.

Reloading Missy Muggs,  
to the mobile toy box home.  
Looking out at billboard clones.

Back at home again,  
running laps round empty sacks,  
with their lunch half eaten.  
Dozing off among the blocks.  
Now it's her delicious time.  
Reading racy novels  
Looking through her zines.  
Calling friends or him.  
To talk alone for just a while,  
while supper closes in.

Open rested eyes.  
Blinking out the fuzzy cloud.  
Each one's thoughts awaken,  
hanging on her every word.  
Even after naps.  
The little fingers grab at her.  
She's the queen of the world  
of that I am sure.



## Never Give Up

That was your banner  
Your creed  
Your motto  
A courageous battle cry  
From such a modest  
Humble person  
I knew you only  
A little more than a year  
I talked a great deal  
About you to others  
Who were as frustrated as me  
With the double assault  
On your body  
I listened to you tell  
Of the gut wrenching  
Treatment to your liver  
Held your hand while  
The biopsy trocar  
Went to the bone  
You thanked me  
For being professional  
Was it your trust?

Our closeness of age?

Mrs. C you had the powers

To share your humor, your family

Your big heart

Some people use indifference

Some turn to their busy work

When death's truth towers

Over us all

It forces us to cope in our ways

But you have passed your banner

To others now

And I wish you safe passage

Into a paradise

Greater than our dreams

Western Scene

Maynard Dixon, I have to say

out there on that Western sky,

before painting desert walls,

folks said: yeah that kid can draw.

From Frisco down to Mt. Carmel,

the art school dropout

perfected a tone.

Horses' hooves in Zion canyon,

rabbit brush and sugar knoll,

He saw that which was beautiful and

he painted more that was true.

As Virgin River carried artiste raft,

under denim overcast.

Halos divine glow round his art,

the natural world and all it imparts.

With eye and ear,

hand and touch,

he caught it all.

A gift to us.

Stone's Throw

We descend into Bentwood from

the local universe.

Two alien entities  
chasing the sun and  
finding a troubadour here to  
back our earth experience.

They are like us but  
more concerned with future  
and with past but whatzat?  
Over Pinot Noir conversation with song  
we are quickly learning the place  
and each other since,  
romance is a meaningless construct  
in the eternal moment  
of now because  
it implies a history  
and that is way behind  
us now even beyond  
our heat shields  
And a future that we are  
unable to triangulate.

No there is just the now  
and there is also truth  
truth you say?  
Startled I face you

you know something, what?

What truth?

Your reply on this stone

is simply a song.

Lonely Day In June

Clouds move in time, passive to winds.

Will it won't it rain?

Birds soar unsure of

coming change.

I sit in my grey morning workspace,

remembering her pain.

Stirrings

Fall hurries toward winter.

Brown leaves and tarnished clouds

milling, beginning.

In a coffee bar window  
near a green awning,  
the elder man sits,  
waits, watches  
for he knows as the wall clock taunts,  
4pm approaches.

Then the ritual begins.  
The woman enters first,  
brushing back red curls  
like holiday ribbons.  
The man ever the gentleman,  
holds the door.

They hurry  
in from accelerating sleet.  
The woman orders, then  
the man.

The old one moves his lips with  
eyes closed softly.

"Double espresso, cinnamon latte."

Near his table they light.  
Their exuberance bubbles

over their shoulders and  
into his corner.

Tonight we do it, he hears  
their twenty odd years say.

"conceive tonight."

he clearly hears.

They grab their mouths  
for over them the senior appears.

They watch words form  
on a life stained face .

"Concieve" you say?

All I can tell you is this,

Go slow

And while

going slow

think of conception

As a life.

In general

it has a beginning,

it has a middle, but

the end brings feelings  
like joy,  
curiosity, yes  
even sadness.

If you're lucky,  
all of these  
will be yours.  
Then he put on his fez  
lit up a pipe and  
walked out into  
the storm's frenzy

#### Man Aged One Hundred Dies in Blizzard

While coffee brews there  
in Corning ware beakers.  
The paper boy's news  
lies delivered.

'In a North wind bluster...'  
so it reads like



the chilled delivery  
of an anchor's lead.

The night nurse found  
the open window,  
where watery eyes  
had sought an entry.

Into the maelstrom  
the lead feet fell,  
after trudging and trudging  
then trudging no more.

And now two lenses  
stare straight ahead,  
if not into air  
then at what?

Perhaps it's the nursery  
there in the East,  
where one hundred newborns  
clinch their fists.

## At The Border of Peace

Can I help you sir?

You come to enter Peace.

You come here,

as a refugee.

Searching for this place,

you have personally

sought war's alternative.

You have voted for

the assembly of

nuclear deterrents

in your desire for citizenship.

You come here,

after long discussions

into the night.

You cried as children watched

and crimes were tried

while the innocent

lie in eternal rest.

But, before

I bid you enter.

Before you offer to

serve here.

You have traveled far,  
you have accomplished what?

H.O.P.E.

Hope is beginning to rise  
in the eastern sun entering his window.  
Optimism flowers in the garden  
rows he goes out to tend.  
Promise powers the walk  
accompanying his Terrier.  
Enterprise delivers him here  
on shore, after the corporate shipwreck.

In Her Wake

She comes again to share  
What will it be this time?  
She is leading the fight  
On a microscopic foe  
We follow as caregivers

But she is there at the point

We jerk about as flotsam

In her wake

But she stares

Into the face of death

She comes again to share

This time it will be

Needle craft, or photos

Or simply her family's story

But even so

These things sit there

In her glow

The sharing, the laughter,

And the love

In her wake

First Gig

After rebuilding the old piano

good enough for adjustment and tuning

I practiced first an arpeggio

then the twelve keys with full yearning.

Chords major and minor.

Songs from Gershwin and Kern

Ellington and Porter.

Practiced for a year  
then I made the call.

My heart full of fear

"Come on friday?"

I felt my jaw fall

Can't believe the reply

"We'll see you here."

There were two Steinways,

I had my pick.

"Beautiful Love" was my first tune

Barely heard by anyone.

"Over The Rainbow" came with a mistake

But the lunch crowd seemed too busy

Then after forty minutes,

I finished with "I'm in the Mood..."

Everyone got up out of chairs

around me the listeners stood.

Some sang, some paced

one brought me food.

I rose and thanked them,

and as I walked to my car alone

still felt the warmth and acceptance

from the women and men

of Graceview nursing home.

## On This Day

In this place.  
Before the dark  
Before the sleep.  
When my mind  
constructs a place  
I've never been.  
Give me a sign  
of something higher  
on the path  
to greater good.  
During slow times,  
speeding up times,  
let me act  
to benefit the many.  
Give me strength to  
master all adversity.  
And in new ways  
bring compassion to  
those who are here  
on this day

in this place

## Dry Spell

Scant snow for months.

No rain before that.

Weatherman shrugs.

Arid gusts tug at

memories of

moist encounters with

wet lettuce eaten from

damp ground.

Nostrils and eyes filled

with Autumn fog back then.

Heavenly showers from

round clouds.

But now cattle nibble

wheat down to

brown rows.

Weeds crackle under

dusty shoes.

In the distance from

every direction

smoke rises over  
blackened grasses.

At my desk in  
sunset glow these  
finger tips split  
my lip bleeds as  
my ink pen fades.

The weather report:  
Dry spell.

364

Is this the New Year?  
The one we waited for?  
With heavy cloud cover  
and empty bottles on the floor.

We glare at gifts' boxes  
and the usual crowd  
of weight to be lost  
and resolutions to be vowed.



HDTV explains  
the year in review  
while super players prepare  
for the ultimate bowl.

We feel seasonal stress  
push some to work  
and some to wish

that for 364 more days dear  
your face and the clock's  
will exchange looks

until inevitable awe  
returns in a question.  
Is this the New Year?

## Season's Ingredients

Winter solstice arrives  
And inside, the guitarist  
Plays to the pinon hearth's

Crackling applause

Over in the corner

Chile mingles with tomato

In finest holiday color

A wool shawl of summer fleece

Glistens across the dining parlor

Local vineyard white and red

Laugh upon entering crystal portals

Golden corn with pinto beans

Curl up in a toasty winter bed

Under glass, pistachios connive

With dulce brittle.

And as the medley winds down

A pale thoughtful moon

Gazes across snowy mesas

A distant witness to

Warm and festive candle lights

In holiday windows

## So You Want To Quit Smoking

I couldn't help noticing  
You, standing by the pumps  
While I put gas in my go mobile  
You take another puff  
I have a special tip  
It won't cost you a dollar  
But to begin you must promise  
My instructions you will follow  
First, tomorrow morning  
Before the cig, you know the one  
You crave more than liquor  
Take off all your clothes  
And stand before the mirror  
Second, put on some rock music  
Loud from out of speakers  
It can be the King or the Boss  
You can even wear sneakers  
Third, you light that Marlboro,  
Virginia Slim, or low tar  
Gaze at yourself in full view  
swinging at your air guitar.  
While strutting along to Mick

Call it a day for cigarettes

Unless you can in public

Repeat this shtick

Artistic Gamble

"An author." she said

"That's what I shall be!"

So she went to her muse

Her loveliness to see

To ruminate, to cogitate

For an answer she could use

But, the inner one pouts

"In prose tell the story,

and then get out."

"Then a poet, a poet yes that is good.

That is where I can express my mood."

So back to the muse again she asks.

"Tell me please dear and do not be terse,

what will others revere?"

The muse smiling responds

"In poetry lead with strong verse."

"No no, that's not it!"

She yelped then did cry.

"It's universal, and yet too personal!"

"What of musical song to say what I might?"

Instantly an answer came from her soul's door.

"In music the song, and nothing more."

Once Upon A Tuesday

Once upon A Tuesday

Well before winter

He was sacking groceries

She, deciding on dinner

There was sunlight in his eyes

And there was warmth in her heart

Two from their generation

Meeting in the Food Mart

Their worlds were soon entangled

Friday nights brought movie dates

Sunday afternoons in the park, late

They married that September

Lunch hours spent kicking Autumn leaves

Once upon a Tuesday

He signed with Special Forces

She didn't think he would  
declare communications his endeavor  
"Can't be a sack boy forever."

Once upon a Tuesday  
Came the notice to their home  
Present himself in thirty days  
To Operation Desert Storm  
A soldier goes where he is ordered  
His is not to question where? why?  
Like those before him  
He can only live in the moment  
And remember her goodbye  
Then

Once upon A Tuesday  
Came the letter registered to only her  
A direct hit to her heart  
Her soldier, her love, her everything  
Was felled in mortal combat  
Yet, if it was only that  
the story would have been told  
But now she has to decide  
what to say  
To her unborn child

1957

In a warm Summer night  
With the crickets stirring  
And a sometimes breeze  
Over the fence high grasses  
One lamp post shines unfaltering  
Where town meets country  
Gray tubes flicker through lace windows  
A single car passes on the highway  
And Sputnik moves overhead

Earth Family

I felt you in the trees today  
Oh great spirit  
At the place just below the ridge  
Brother coyote noticed too.  
Before instinct gave him a nudge  
To move into the shadows  
Sister cotton tail moves out  
Then back  
Eyes that are small oceans

A nose in constant motion  
Got to keep on moving  
The great provider knows  
As surely as sun chases moon  
You realize that  
You're not the only one  
Who stops and says;  
I felt you in the trees today  
O great spirit  
I felt you in the trees

Horse Angel

My link with the horse world  
Is a painted, saddle-bred mare  
Her name is Tewa Desert Rose  
And with her there's lots to share  
Apples in the morning  
Carrots every eve  
Lots of friendly horse games  
Plenty of candy treats  
Whether riding in the saddle  
Or taking a little trot



Although we have our differences  
There's a unity in our thoughts  
Each morning as I'm leaving  
She's busy eating hay  
But when I return  
At days end  
She always looks my way  
I soap and scrub and brush her  
For this she can barely stand  
So when she sees my back is turned  
She rolls in mud and sand  
Until today when light snow came  
And at the barn I find  
A perfect silhouette in brown  
Surrounded by icy lines  
The horse angel left by Rose  
Inviting me to lay down  
So down I did go  
Beside her distinct impression  
And now horse and rider  
Face up in heavenly expression

Red Eye

The red eye  
gazing at me,  
just a red eye,  
it's all I see.

The red eye  
surrounded with blue,  
it's still a red eye,  
with a view.

The red eye  
and feathers fine,  
through a red lens,  
I am a find.

The red eye,  
is distant now,  
I watch the pigeon fly,  
from my plow.

The Exile

He walks slowly, deliberately  
down a path in the woods.  
Overhead an eagle  
divides the sky  
Beside his feet  
on a misty rise,  
beetles wrestle  
over stamp size territory  
and above his head,  
newborn sparrows  
free themselves  
from eggshells.  
He is beginning to  
forget,  
the traffic lights,  
the murderous nights,  
and sirens loud  
that had once  
defined  
his hours.

Surrender

There's something about Selena  
A friend and I agree  
You can see it  
Feel it  
Hear it  
Like coins in a slot machine

The hired hand Javier's eyes  
Had fallen to his beer  
Being a listening bartender  
I then lent him my ear  
Continuing his confessional  
and looking a little tense  
He started talking to me  
as if in self-defense

It's not her tousled hair  
It's not her baby Tommy  
It's not her soulful eyes  
Not her daddy nor her mommy.

Yes he and I are sure  
That when she wraps her lithness

'round you

She will never let you be

And yet when at the market

her desires start off as small

As one

And then they grow

By three

One of us knew this final point,

The other will never see

My friend proposed to Selena

But I remain free

In The Tower of West Texas Sun

He drawled on

about the old times

in the oil field.

The eyes

periodically grew

blue pie plates.

His mouth  
barely moving  
behind A ferrous beard.

Muscles  
on top of muscles  
that was me.

Smoked  
since I was twelve  
I'm on the patch.

Worked  
everyday in the tower  
of west Texas sun.

The wind,  
it was cool there  
late in the afternoon.

Come evening  
the bars would fill  
with slender gals.

And out under  
the stars you knew  
you were part of it all.

Overboard

Her words came in waves  
from an ocean of guilt.  
Like; "sorry"  
And "stupid"  
"I can't"  
and "Hurt"

Ronnie her brother  
Had found the bottle,  
empty of hydrocodone  
and missing the top.

She gave up her son  
to the adoption person.  
Another decision  
in a limited space

In a hospital room  
under watchful eyes,  
her words crash again;  
"regret"  
"surprise"

In medicalese we call it  
overdose,  
but again and again  
I want to say  
overboard.

Yellow Umbrella

Clouds hang,  
head down  
rain falls.



Lone person  
crosses the walk,  
framed in gray  
his yellow umbrella  
held high.

Only Love

No sister love,  
No mother love,  
No brother love.  
Only love.

No father love,  
No school love,  
No flag love.  
Only love.

No romantic love,  
No new love,  
No old love.  
Only love.

No human love,  
No animal love,  
No plant love.  
Only love.

No material love,  
No self-love,  
No selfless love.  
Only love.

Leafy Aster

A Greek star,  
on my drive  
past mountain meadows.  
When bad news,  
hurt,  
or disappointment  
intrude.  
Lavender-purple rays  
of joy

laugh back.

Unlike cousin sunflower's  
boastful,  
bright,  
volume.

Your assertive,  
green,  
twenty inches  
greet the morning light.

Fine hair,  
on seed-like fruit  
says "goodbye"

soon after

Labor Day.

Until,

next July

when,

your offspring play.

In My Summer Youth

Lottie the black spaniel and  
Gertie the spotted hound,

Joined up with me a barefoot boy  
When we would run round  
The shade-dappled orchard of  
Summer youth.

The Beats were somewhere on the road.  
But I was more interested in horned toads,  
And how they scampered in the sand,  
while Dick Clark introduced the band.

The gray tube sang, "Have Gun Will Travel."  
At the baseball plate was Mickey Mantle.  
High school days were no sooner over,  
than I was getting older.

Teen town was loud with electric sound.  
A dozen boys smoked, and stood their ground.  
Inside on the dance floor perfume plumes,  
Where awkward youth dance the room.

Manually sweating under a hot sun.  
Thinking about when the work is done.  
Planning trips beyond county lines,  
To Ferris wheel parks and city lights.

From springs caress into straits dire.  
I saw Vietnam and campus fire.  
And a president who chose to lie,

That's when I said goodbye,  
to Summer youth.

Raven Lunch

She steps carefully over brown grass,  
french-fries in hand.

Grey sweater over drooped shoulders.  
A defiant octogenarian.

"Put a shine on your shoes,  
and a melody in your heart!"

filters from a car window.

Three, then four good sized ravens

Descend from high trees.

Lunch begins.

Some for me, more for you.

She generously shares as

She recalls.

The Eire village,

and the crowd of people

her Mother included.

Following one good potato

Carried by one black bird,

over dark fields.

To the promise

Of more.

View from Third Floor Central State Hospital

I still see the small frame houses

one city street away

all white and smiling up at me

rows and rows some

like cigarette boxes

in the morning sun  
some like children playing  
I could use a smoke  
But the room is locked  
if I could see  
if I could just look inside one  
it's unfair  
there isn't anybody  
nobody there  
but you say  
there is  
one on a bicycle  
one delivering mail  
another walking a dog  
maybe I did  
put my knife in one  
but they aren't real  
only houses

Housecleanin

Yesterday we argued

No

Yes we disagreed

The usual trivialities

Lifeless words

Lying dead

Scattered to the black corner of the house

There stands a housecleaner

With broom and pan,

Sweeping up hateful Lies resentful mockeries in  
pained piles

There stands a house

Now clean

From floor to eaves front door to back

And then

The housecleaner Leaves

Minor Blues

I've got a wash tub bass

A nylon string guitar



eighty-eight keys of rinky tink

By now you know how far

A man will go

To feed his soul

Young girl gave a nod

Music is beautiful thing

Carries you across the land

Picks you up when you're sad and blue

Then it lets you down again

Some days wound too tight

Other days are out of control

But in between the drama

By now you know how far

A man will go

To find his home

Old man said it's true

Life is a curious thing

Free falls like a stone

Brings you down to the minor blues

In the face of a gale force wind.

## Ancient Eyes

From the point  
of my ear,  
I detect breathing  
coming up the stair.

I sigh . . .  
knowing I can't hide,  
from ancient eyes  
once a muses' pride.

"Been a while."

I sneer at it.  
But it only slinks  
to the corner to sit.

slothful thing  
leans back and stares,  
Then the compound lenses  
display its' images.

I see twisted faces,  
bloody tools,  
and worst of all  
hear the laughter of fools.

I reach for Scotch,  
not soon enough.  
A cutting chill crosses  
my page.

Better write,  
It's the only way  
to channel the force  
from Hades gate.

So in the still  
of absent light.  
You might awaken  
bolt upright.

For ancient eyes  
from a hideous beast,  
at the stair awaits you,  
take a seat.

## Classifieds

Behind a locked apartment door  
Eight Noble and Sentimental waltzes,  
project from a 1970 Macintosh amplifier.

There between Bible studies by mail,  
and a Frymaster fifty-pound deep fryer,  
A naked bulb reveals in print small;

Britney Spears Circus tickets,  
two stage front terrace seats,  
one-hundred twenty five dollars.

His grin spread as his dark nails  
fingered the bills in his palm.  
Then he walked the twelve blocks  
to a pay phone.

## September Alfalfa Part I

The hay is coming.  
It's here in family size,  
the horse can't thrive  
on weeds and sticks.  
My go-to-man arrives  
in good cheer,  
from irrigated fields.  
He throws, I stack.  
The rain is coming,  
it's falling the minute  
you realize that,  
each bale grows heavier.  
You agonize  
will it last?  
Work faster.  
Will it do it's work faster?  
Several minutes, then  
in rain time it's gone.  
Hay is in the barn  
Then comes  
the storm's warning,

from clouds black.

I'll be back.

After parting shots

of thunder and

lightning laughter,

sunlight stains the meadow.

## September Alfalfa Part 2

The storm hinted at its return

drifting to the West that afternoon.

But in this mountain terrain

weather systems can circle, pause,

reappear to threaten and rain.

So it was after the September alfalfa

was laid to rest in the barn,

I sat resting in the family dining room

enjoying early evening tea and scone.

Then thunder cracked above the house,

and a second clap like bullets across the sky.

The violent cloudburst moved quickly on,

until through my window I could see

smoke spilling from a soggy tree.

The murderous thing had left its mark,  
before picking up and setting off.

## Physiks

I remember you  
Like yesterday  
I watch from  
An incandescent hall  
Old men in dark coats  
Large rooms supported  
By brick buildings  
Sunlight idling across  
Tall many-paned windows  
And in the corner  
A rainbow on the chalkboard  
A mobile of planets  
Hanging over a desk  
Upon which  
Two magnets are frozen  
In dance  
Ball bearings roll across  
A sloping notebook

And the distant clock tower

Chimes the hour

Change

Change is good, that's what they say.

Look at what we did.

Don't look at what used to be.

Get ready, they proclaim.

"Yes we can!"

Change A comin,

with shiny promises,

and a clean smell come-on.

Now we already know,

change neither right nor wrong.

Everything is in range,

Change

Only begets

More change.

Casino



Repeatedly I am tempted by tempters,  
and temptresses.

Can I bring you a drink?

Light your smoke?

Tell you a joke?

Repeatedly the money is around,  
its slides through my hands  
like rice brown  
Into a pan

Three children I have sired:  
Happy. Lucky, And Reason.  
All have repeatedly died.

Afternoon comes and I rest  
On the laurels of the day

until tomorrow's play.

## That Saddle

The old one hanging mute,  
with ghostly voices.

A silent witness  
once straddled to  
partner steed.

On the horn, embedded  
coffee stains.

Under yoke,  
equine sweat streams  
with trail motes.

In the seat rising,  
deals were made.  
There blood dropped,  
A signed ink spot,  
proof of the closing.

Latigo silver stirrup,  
and on the lashing,  
is that salt deposit  
from a young girl crying?

What stories were told  
From this campfire pillow,  
to faces simmering  
by mesquite glow?  
As the wind rushes up  
to hear the trees rattle.

Then after first light,  
slowly rides another morning.  
Yet, how many  
high noon's burning  
descended on  
that saddle?

#### Bashos's Dream

A morning full of  
small decisions -  
white rice or brown

The Cloud and the Hill

The hill tends forest offspring.

Her soil nourishing their home.

She continues communion

with her children.

The cloud reaches down to them

yet he is only here for now.

He delivers rains

then migrates.

Birthday Window

I arise to warm black coffee on my lips

And view a frozen Liatris.

A cardinal couple arrives

on the backyard table.

He in finest red,

she dressed neutral.

Studying the deck,  
They flutter behind glass,

and finding no food  
they leave me,  
in their path.

Absentee Candidate

Senator Tom called today.  
He left an urgent message on our answering machine.  
We had returned from the mailbox  
we heard him remind us to vote.  
Yet we finished mailing our ballots  
after observing a television blackout.  
Senator Tom called  
How did he know?

The Cat Is

The dogs are in  
No doubt about it.  
They just ran in  
the door.

The cat went out  
Or is she back?  
In or out or in?

The habitat  
of a cat  
resembles  
quantum motion.

One moment  
Your're sure  
They are here.  
The next is quite uncertain.

My Time

The cars leave their spaces

The sun sets

The pavement races

Beneath my pads

Over there

Two women are walking

One dressed in blue

One smelling

Like women sometimes do

Stop

Bicycle crossing

Where did he come from?

Fields up ahead

Barrow ditch grasses

Evening cricket percussion

Wait!

Rib cage itches

Ahh hind quarter thrashes

I'm hungry

What's that sound, kibbles?

Run

Run faster

The woman pack leader is calling

Again I hear her

Calling me out of my time

into dinner time

## Linda In Charge

When you find yourself on the nursing unit  
with your question,  
you are informed by the secretary  
with her answer  
as to who and what.  
But where is this person?

A walk down the hall  
And there she is.  
Diminutive, moving quickly  
among those in need.  
Actively engaged in her work,  
that thing which biophysics attempts to explain.

She represents the cervical vertebra  
of a fragile healthcare system spine,  
constantly assessing the hail  
of an ever changing



environment of people and medicine,  
in a substantial role dating back to Nightingale.

Standing there, she is prioritizing needs,  
then suddenly delegating pieces  
to assemble an ever changing  
jigsaw persona called care,  
that hurls ahead to the mechanized sound  
of a distant time clock.

What looms is something resembling a finish line  
there on the event horizon of the final hours.

It's A lighted room  
where with pen in hand,  
her evening counterpart  
awaits a report.

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